

And by disloyning hands hell lose a soule.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the Cardinall.

*Bast.* And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,  
Because,

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*John.* Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

*Con.* What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

*Dolph.* Bethinke you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light losse of England, for a friend:

Forgoethe easier.

*Blas.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Con.* O Lewis, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere  
In likeness of a new trimm'd Bride.

*Blas.* The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
But from her need.

*Con.* Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which only liues but by the death of faith,

That need, must needs inferre this principle,

That faith would line againe by death of need:

O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp.

Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

*John.* The king is mou'd, and answers not to this.

*Con.* O be remou'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet iour.

*Fra.* I am perplext, and know not what to say.

*Pau.* What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?  
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

*Fra.* Good reuerend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?

This royall hand, and mine are newly knit,

And the coniunction of our inward soules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vowes,

The latest breath that gaue the sound of words

Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue

Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,

And euen before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could wash our hands,

To clasp this royall bargaine vp of peace,

Heauen knowes they were besmeard and ouer-staind

With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint

The fearefull difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood?

So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,

Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?

Play fast and loofe with faith? so iest with heauen,

Make such vnconstant children of our selues

As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:

Vn-swore faith sworne, and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a ryot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O holy Sir

My reuerend father, let it not be so;

Out of your grace, deuile, ordaine, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest

To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,

Sauie what is opposit to Englands loue.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,

A mothers curse, on her reuolting sonne:

*France.* thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,

Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*Fra.* I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak' it thou faith an enemy to faith,

And like a ciuill warre sett oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,

That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,

And may not be performed by thy selfe,

For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,

Is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better Act of purposes mistooke,

Is to mistake againe, though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby growes direct,

And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd:

It is religion that doth make vowes kept,

But thou hast sworne against religion:

By what thou swearst against the thing thou swearst,

And mak' it an oath the surerie for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth, thou art vntrue

To sweate, sweates onely not to be forsworne,

Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?

But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,

And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,

Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,

Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:

And better conquest neuer canst thou make,

Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Vpon which better part, our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The perill of our curses light on thee

So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off

But in despair, dye vnder their blacke weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion.

*Bast.* Will't not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Daul.* Father, to Armes.

*Blanch.* Vpon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums

Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new

Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name

Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;

Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes

Against mine Vncle.

*Con.* O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,

I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Dauphin,

Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

*Blas.* Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may

Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

*Con.* That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,

His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor.

*Dolph.* I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,

When such profound respects doe pull you on?

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse vpon his head.

*Fra.* Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro thee.

*Con.* O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.

*Elea.* O soule reuolt of French inconstancy.

*Eng. France.* I shall rue this houre within this houre.

*Bast.* Old Time the clocke setter, y bald sexton Time:  
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

*Blas.* The Sun's oreast with blood: faireday adieu,

Which is the side that I must goe withall?

I am with both, each Army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,

They whule a sunder, and dismember mee.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:

Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose.

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thine:

Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose:

Assured losse, before the match be plaide.

*Dolph.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

*Blas.* There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.

*John.* Cosen, goe draw our puissance together.

*France.* I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,

A rage, whose heart hath this condition;

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood and deereft valued blood of France.

*Fra.* Thy rage shall burne thee, vp, & thou shalt turne

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Looke to thy selfe, thou art in leopordie.

*John.* No more then he that threatens. To Armes let's hie.

### Scena Secunda.

*Alarums, Excursions:* Enter Bastard with Austria's  
head.

*Bast.* Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,  
Some aery Deuill hovers in the skie,

And pour's downe mischief. Austria's head lye there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes.

*John.* Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp,

My Mother is assayled in our Tent,

And tane I feare.

*Bast.* My Lord I rescued her,

Her Highnelle is in safety, feare you not:

But on my Liege, for very little pames

Will bring this labor to an happy end. Exit.

*Alarums, excursions, Retreat:* Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur  
Bastard, Hubert, Lords.

*John.* So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde

So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,

Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vncle will

As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

*Arth.* O this will make my mother die with griefe.

*John.* Cosen away for England, haste before,

And ere our coming see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angels

Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:

Vic our Commission in his vtmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,

When gold and siluer beckes me to come on:

I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray

(If euer I remember to be holy)

For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.

*Ele.* Farewell gentle Cosen.

*John.* Coz, farewell.

*Ele.* Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.

*John.* Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh

There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,

And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:

And my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Liues in this bosome, deerey cherished.

Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,

But I will fit it with some better tune.

By heauen Hubert, I am almost a shamd

To say what good respect I haue of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your Maiesty.

*John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet.

But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it goe:

The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes

To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell

Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth

Sound on into the drowzie race of night:

If this fame were a Church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,

Or if that surly spirit melancholy

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heauy, thicke,

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,

Making that idiol laughter keepe mens eyes,

And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,

A passion hatefull to my purposes:

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Heare me without thine eares, and make reply

Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,

Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:

Then, in despite of brooded watchfull day,

I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:

But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,

And by my troth I thinke thou sou'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me vnderake,

Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,

By heauen I would doe it.

*John.* Doe not I know thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye

On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend

He is a very serpent in my way,

And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?

Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And Ile keepe him so,

That he shall not offend your Maiesty.

*John.* Death.

*Hub.* My Lord.

*John.* A Graue.

*Hub.* He shall not liue.

*John.* Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee.

Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:

Remember: Madam, Fare you well,

Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty.

*Ele.* My blessing goe with thee.

*John.* For England Cosen, goe,

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

Withal true duetie: On toward Callee, hie.

Scene